

WOODMAN SPARE THAT TREE

The Sea; the Sea! the open Sea;  
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free;  
 Without a mark, without a bound,  
 It runneth the earth's wide region round.  
 It plays with the clouds, it mocks the  
 skies,  
 Or like a cradled creature lies.  
 'Tis on the sea, 'tis on the sea;  
 I am where I would ever be,  
 With the blue above and the blue  
 below,  
 And silence where'er I go,  
 If a storm should come and awaken  
 the deep,  
 What matter, what matter, I shall  
 ride and sleep.  
 I love—how I love to ride,  
 On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide,  
 When every mad wave drowns the  
 tide.  
 Or whistles soft his tempest tune,  
 And tells how goeth the world below,  
 And why the south-west winds do  
 blow;  
 I never loved the dull tame shore  
 more,  
 And backward flew to her billow  
 like a bird that seeketh its mother  
 nest;

Por I was born on the open sea.  
 The waves ran white and red the moon  
 The noisy hour that I was born;  
 The whale it whistled, the porpoise  
                     rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs  
                     of gold,  
 And never was heard such an outburst  
                     wild,  
 As welcomed to life the ocean child.  
 I have lived since then in calm and  
                     strife,  
 Full fifty summers a rover's life,  
 With wealth to spend and power to  
                     range,  
 But never have sought or sighed for  
                     change;  
 Now death, whenever he comes to me,  
 Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea.

WIDOW MACHREE.  
 Widow Machree, she's no wonder you frown,  
 Och, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her,  
 Yaulth it rains your looks, she's widow machree,  
 Och, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her,  
 gown, Och home, widow machree.  
 How altered your air with that close cap you wear,  
 The dew drops on your hair, which should be flow-  
 ing free;  
 Be no longer a churl of that dark silken curl,  
 Och bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her,  
 Widow Machree, sure the summer is come,  
 Och home, widow machree.  
 When everything mingles, should a heanty lo  
 gleam,  
 Och bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her,  
 See the birds go in pairs, and the rabbits a hard  
 And even the bonnies in couples agree,  
 And snout little bit, though they can't speak  
 they widge, Och bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her, bid her,  
 Widow Machree, when the winter comes in,  
 Och home, widow machree.  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
 Och home, widow machree.

Some ghost or some sprite, that would wako ye  
each night, Crying och hone, widow machree.  
Then take my advice, darling widow machree,  
Och hone, widow machree,  
And with my advice faith I wish you'd take me  
Och hone, widow machree,  
You'd have me to desire, to stir up your fire,  
And sure hope is no liar in whispering to me,  
That the ghosts would depart when you'd have  
me near your heart,  
Och hone, widow machree.

O SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT:  
 O say not woman's love is bought  
 With vain and empty treasure;  
 O say not woman's heart is caught  
 By every idle pleasure.  
 When first her gentle bosom knows  
 Love's flame, it wanders never;  
 Deep in her heart the passion glows—  
 She loves and loves for ever.  
 O say not woman's false as fair;  
 That like the bee she ranges,  
 Still seeking flowers more sweet & rare  
 As sickle fancy changes.  
 Ah, no! the love that first can warm  
 Will leave her bosom never;  
 No second passion e'er can charm,  
 She loves and loves for ever.

MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Meet me to night in the path which lie  
By the side of the woodland hollow  
The moon will have opened her silver  
eyes,  
And tell thee which path to follow  
Then tripping along to thy footsteps  
sound,  
Thy lip to thy heart will be humming  
If thy glance for a moment turn around  
'Twill assure thee, love, I'm coming  
Oh! do not fear, not a tone will be  
Onclear or unclear that awake the  
If a lonely rose perchance be awake  
'Twill droop in its bloom beside